

The Weekly Museum

Four Cents single.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 15, 1796.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.]

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THE HEIRESS OF DEVON.

[Continued from our last.]

A Grotto, in the centre of the island, was their recess; here domestics habited as recluses greeted their entrance, and a white flag which served for a table displayed their store, much fitter indeed for the palace of luxury than the cell of a dervise; but being served in a peculiar style made those impressions which were desired. The grotto was lined with moss; firs and old-oaks waved around it; and the smaller, though more gay progeny of nature, impregnated the sportive gales. The flitting birds, by gladsome notes, appeared declaring their joy for such a retirement; soft music stealing along the water completed the delights that were here assembled.

All is enchantment, exclaimed Ethelwald, with an involuntary air of amazement—yes, ye gay scenes, ye smiling beings, my astonished mind regards you as the beautiful prodigies of creation.—Why, oh (continued he with a more serious air) not sooner known? my past life appears like a blank, 'tis only now existence opens upon me.

Thus, said the Earl, do my family enjoy those recreations which heaven most graciously has allowed us, without deeming it an infringement of its right. After a performance of the first great duties, I wish to unbend their minds, and by so doing give them a higher relish for those amusements of which they thus innocently partake.—Alas! Ethelwald was unable to attend to him; he was distracted by conflicts, the lascivious of his soul seemed to himself for ever broken; he longed for the midnight hour of privacy and silence. His fame, his honour, stood upon a precipice, and he wanted resolution to preserve them; his love for Elfrida was passion in excess; a passion increased by the apparent obstacles between them; hurried on by its impetuosity, he recoiled from the voice of reason. Generosity, the early and hitherto constant inhabitant of his soul, was banished by the impulse of self-gratification; he forgot his obligations; Edgar was no longer regarded as an indulgent master, but one who would blight his happiness. Images of deceit for the first time sullied his probity; he felt all their horrors, but there was the prize in view, and Ethelwald consented to be a traitor to possess Elfrida.

He now began to do as all those who err, to call on sophistry and speciousness to palliate his crime; he represented to himself the inconsistency of Edgar's disposition, which was too habitual to suppose would be conquered even by Elfrida; knowing this, cried he, shall I not endeavour to save her from destruction, from the misery her gentle soul would feel when neglected by the most changeable of mankind. I can easily deceive him by saying fame has exaggerated; but though unworthy of him, too glorious a prize to be abandoned by a subjected desirous of aggrandisement. In every other respect I vow the most inviolable fidelity to him; my tale believed, each obstacle is removed. There is a language in Elfrida's eyes—the Baron blushed with rapture at the thought

which flatters hope—her parents anticipate her wishes: with me she has nothing to dread from the instability of love, or the capriciousness of my disposition. In my castle she shall enjoy all those domestic pleasures she has experienced from her infancy. Our children will bloom like the young shrubs of the forest beneath the shelter of parental indulgence.

Ethelwald now panted to execute his project; besides, he knew the impatient monarch, ill brooking a delay, might dispatch a courier after him, and another courier the Baron said might be more faithful than me.

By the declining beams of the next day's sun he determined on departing; when he declared his intention, he watched Elfrida as he spoke; her cheeks were overspread with paleness, her eyes turned to the ground, she seized the first opportunity of retiring in silence.

Noble Ethelwald, exclaimed the Earl, my dame and I will often request the repetition of your visit; ye be assured we will never encroach on your politeness by urging your stay longer than is agreeable to you; no, believe me, I think a retreat like this would be too inglorious for you now in the zenith of youth and its active powers. May the favourite of Edgar pursue the course of honour with success, and may he use each interval of unfolding with wisdom to the sovereign the beauty of virtue, and the delight resulting from the amity of the subject.

Ethelwald's grateful heart dictated a thousand things for the urbanity of his entertainments; but its fullness oppressed him, and his lips quivered vainly to speak. There are moments when silence is most expressive of what we feel.

He sought Elfrida; she was in a sequestered bower in the garden, whither his eyes had traced her from an arched window.

Pardon, lady, said he, my intrusion; but I come to bid adieu. Elfrida looked, (an unconcerned spectator would have imagined she had a conscious knowledge of something particular he was about to say) she interrupted him, mentioned hesitatingly the prospect.

There is now but one prospect, replied the Baron, smiling, I can view with pleasure. Yes, Elfrida, he exclaimed, throwing off the studied formality of his air, there is but one lovely work in the creation I now regard with transport. The Earl and his lady solicit me to repeat my visit, but I dare not without thy permission; say shall I again be welcome, or will you give me cause to rue your father's hospitality.

She blushed, she looked round, she looked down; her eyes met the ardent ones of Ethelwald; Baron, at length, exclaimed she with a glowing ingenuity, if you return, you shall find Elfrida, like her parents, can distinguish merit. Ethelwald was at her feet; her hands were seized in his, they were pressed to his heart, to his lips. If I return—can it be called life when from thy sight.

The moment arrived for his departure; he sighed adieu to the castle of Devon; his steed though swift beyond idea, kept no bounds to his impatience; he at length reached the palace, and gained an instantaneous interview with Edgar.

That monarch, whose striking characteristic was being carried away in an impetuous pursuit after whatever obtruded itself on his fancy, had, since the idea of an union with the Heiress of Devon, pictured an angel to him; no relish for any amusement, and he experienced an unconquerable lassitude 'till the period of Ethelwald's arrival.

Well, my Baron, cried he, his tongue faltering through an excess of impatience, his fame been just, is the more or is the less than we expect.

Edgar stammered—he felt all the shame and agonies of dissimulation but he could not retreat from the intended scheme, without the resignation of Elfrida; yet most gladly did he screen his eyes under the dark plumage of his helmet from the quick glances of the king.—Less, far less than we expected is Elfrida, said the Baron. Is this possible, was thrice repeated; most true, my sire, nor ever would she bring pleasure to thy arms. Edgar expressed his mortification by a full silence of a considerable duration. Never, cried he, shall I believe the babbling nonsense of a few individuals, who probably never beheld her they described a prodigy.

Ethelwald, fearful of exciting suspicion, postponed the moment of declaring his intention of wedding her. Almost trembling with anxiety, he at length divulged his purpose, and intreat the sanction of his sovereign.

Edgar remonstrated against such an union; he mentioned many of illustrious descent, of splendid fortunes, with appearance far more pleasing than that which Ethelwald had painted Elfrida, who might be happy to accept his hand.

The Baron pleaded the capriciousness of their choice, the uncertainty of his being the object, above all the favourable sentiments of the family of Devon owing their origin to the kindness graciously shewn to me by you my royal master.

Since thus resolved, replied Edgar, you have our free permission to unite at pleasure your destiny to that of the house of Devon; from our protection expect every emolument; thy worth, thy valour, merit this return; thou wilt not, Ethelwald, be ever less acceptable for wanting a handsome wife, though a pleasing circumstance in our eyes. Baron, said he, resuming his seriousness, believe me tenderly interested in thy welfare; thou art now entering upon new connections, but never afford them an opportunity of weakening the esteem thy sovereign still wishes to conciliate.

This language almost over-powered Ethelwald—his soul recoiled at its own idea—the black and hideous fiend of ingratitude swam before his view—my master, my king, he cried—he paused, his knees smote each other—the image of Elfrida rose in the mildness of beauty—she must, she must be mine, he cried within himself. He bent one knee to the ground; he caught the extended hand of Edgar, his own shaking at his touch; he arose, and fled with precipitation from the presence.

Kneeling in his chamber, he imprecated destruction on his head if ever again he violated that

faith due to a sovereign, who unbending from the height and haughtiness of power, condescended to him with the familiarity of a friend. Speedily did he trace the road leading to the region of his happiness. He stopped at the abbey, from whence he viewed the spires and battlements of Devon castle. He dispatched a courier for it with a letter declaring all his wishes. He reckoned the moments for his return; the diary told him they were of the accustomed length, but he counted by the throbbings of an impassioned heart. The domestic returned—he brought a summons, yet more a letter fraught with amity.

The Baron vaulted on his courser—he was breathless when he reached the castle-gate—he rushed into the Hall—the Earl received him.

[To be continued.]

"STUDY TO BE QUIET, AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

THE Thessalonians, to whom this rule was given, were probably an inquisitive race, and like the men of Athens spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or hear some new thing. We must frame such a supposition to excuse St. Paul from the charge of impertinence. For nothing can appear more a work of supererogation, than to tell man, selfish by nature to live in peace and to pursue his own advantage. Nature, and the primary laws of being have told him so already. But this epistle, written at Athens, and sent to Thessalonica, that is from one tattling, idle city to another was seasonable and proper notwithstanding all fine reasoning to the contrary. For myself I can affirm confidently that I need not turn over the archives of the Thessalonians to discover a million of cases, where men study to be restless and to pry into other people's business.

A certain elegant fabulist among the Latins, describes a race of the busy bodies, running wildly about out of breath with inquiring, prying into every nook, and, by their restless indolence, wearying themselves and tormenting others. This is a strong picture, and some might say overcharged; a Dary's caricature of manners, rather than the natural strokes of an Italian. But I will engage to find the originals of this portrait, in every village I visit. Men in the country, no less than in town, have various schemes to execute, and many duties, which ought to be discharged. But negligent of these, and of the beam in their own eyes, they go groping about to discover a mote in their neighbour's. 'Tis a mote, in general that they gaze for most earnestly, and it is a mote that they magnify into a mountain.

This weak, if not criminal conduct is generally the first begotten of jealousy and rivalry. The malignant inquiries that are then made of neighbour's fortune or fame are veiled by an affectation of impartiality and candor. But all may discern that such insidious queries, are like arrows discharged from a covert, meant to deeply wound, and yet, by their course not to betray the archer.

What is it to thee, censorious woman, if thy frail sister have lapsed by the way side? Doth her fall shake thy foundation, and hast thou to bear the burden of her suckling? Gaze not at her infirmity nor circulate her reproach. Con over the catalogue of thy own gallantries, and, trust me, thou wilt not have a moment left to read, or to compile a scandalous chronicle.

What is it to thee, meddling man, if thy neighbour's goods be attached, hast thou to pay the fees of the officer? Keep thy Ledger accurately, and peep not into his Day book. Ask not of his apprentices how they fare at their master's board, nor how many dollars he takes in a year. Study to be quiet and to mind thy own business, and thou wilt find that thou hast little leisure to take an inventory of another man's wealth.

OBSERVATION.

THE epithets and figures, that some people make use of in telling a story, are truly ridiculous and laughable. A person once related what happened to him, in the following words: "I was crossing a large field, and when I came pretty near the middle, a bull followed me, and ROARED LIKE THUNDER; I FLEW LIKE LIGHTNING to keep out of his clutches; and being in such a tedious hurry in getting over the stile, I TORE MY BREECHES, AS IF HEAVEN AND EARTH WERE COMING TOGETHER."

THE MARINER.

BY MRS. RADCLIFFE,
AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO.

SOFT came the breath of spring; smooth flow'd the tide,
And blue the heaven in its mirror smil'd;
The white sail trembled, swell'd, expanded wide,
The busy sailors at the anchor toil'd.

With anxious friends, that shed the parting tear,
The deck was throng'd—how swift the moments fly!
The vessel heaves, the farewell signs appear;
Mute is each tongue, and eloquent each eye!

The last dread moment's come!—The sailor-youth
Hides the big drop, and smiles amid his pain,
Sooths his sad bride, and vows eternal truth,
"Farewell, my love—we shall—shall meet again!"

Long on the stern, with waving hand, he stood;
The crowded shore sinks, lessening, from his view,
As gradual glides the bark along the flood:
His bride is seen no more—"Adieu!—adieu!"

The breeze of Eve moans low, her smile is o'er,
Dian steals her twilight down the crimson'd west,
He climbs the top-mast-mast, to seek once more
The far-seen coast, where all his wishes rest.

He views its dark line on the distant sky,
And Fancy leads him to his little home,
He sees his weeping love, he hears her sigh,
He sooths her griefs, and tells of joys to come.

Eve yields to night, the breeze to wintry gales,
In one vast shade the seas and shores repose;
He turns his aching eyes,—his spirit fails,
The chill tear falls;—sad to the deck he goes!

The storm of midnight swells, the sails are furled;
Deep sounds the lead, but finds no friendly shore,
Fast o'er the waves the wretched bark is hurld;
"O Ellen, Ellen! we must meet no more!"

Lightnings, that shew the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders, as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!

Ah! what avails the seaman's toiling care!
The straining cordage bursts, the mast is riv'n;
The sounds of terror groan along the air,
Then sink afar,—the bark on rocks is driv'n!

Fierce o'er the wreck the whelming water pass'd,
The helpless crew sunk in the roaring main!
Henry's faint accents trembled in the blast—
"Farewell, my love—we ne'er shall meet again!"

Of, at the calm and silent evening hour,
When summer breezes linger on the wave,
A melancholy voice is heard to pour
Its lonely sweetness o'er poor Henry's grave!

And oft, at midnight, airy strains are heard
Around the grove, where Ellen's form is laid,
Nor is the dirge by village-maidens fear'd,
The lovers' spirits guard the holy shade!

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

LOVERS how to gain, we all discover,
But Love with Hymen's chain is said to end:
I resolve and vow to keep my lover,
I'll quickly tell you how, if you attend.

If to wrath inclin'd, a word provokes him,
With gentle speech and kind I'll anger cool;
If with trouble cross'd I'll soothe and coax him,
Nor think it labor lost a spouse to rule.

Blithe if he appear, I'll laugh and chatter,
But then if grave his air I'll silent be;
Whatsoever his will may be, no matter,
He'll surely have it still the same for me.

Humble looks I'll wear, if he should grieve me,
But sharp resentment ne'er he shall discern;
Never cross, but sad, if he should leave me,
And I'll be ever glad at his return.

Pleas'd at home to stay—when thus I find him,
I'll strive with converse gay the hours to improve;
He'll forbear to roam, if nothing bind him,
Who still with smiles comes home, his home will love.

October 7.

FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE LABOURER'S ADDRESS TO SUNDAY.

WELCOME, thou easer of my woes!
I'll try to sing thy praise;
More pleasant art thou far to me,
Than all the other days.

'Tis but the prospect of thy rest,
That keeps me still alive,
Or through the weary six days toil
I never could survive.

Thou dost not usher in thy dawn
With master's cry and frown;
We lie in bed, or rove at large,
Thy hours are all our own.

The idle great ne'er taste thy charms,
None lazy thou canst please;
For idleness is a mortal foe
To all the sweets of ease.

Hard toil, and labour must precede
The ravishments of rest,
'Tis thus to weary wights like me
Thou com'st a welcome guest.

To honour thee, thou best of days,
I'll dress me neat and fine,
And cheerful tread the beaten path
With hallowers of thine.

For lo! the people all around,
Each different church draw nigh,
Array'd in variegated drefs,
How pleasing to the eye!

And now with voice melodious tun'd,
Each joins in holy mirth
To celebrate the sacred morn
Their SAVIOUR'S conquer'd death.

October 1.

WILLIAM SCOTT.

CURIOUS IRISH LOVE LETTER.

MY DEAR CHARMIN CRATUR,

IF your brite eies have had the same efet upon others, they have been after havin upon me, you must already, like Samson, have slain your Thousands, though not with the same sort of weapon. For I had no sooner beheld you, tother nite at the Theatre, than your two little pencers darted their poyfen quite thro my intrals, and killed me on the spot. So that I immediately determined to find you out, that I may be revenged of you my situation; and to beg that you would have compassion on a lover that lies bleedin at your feet.

If you have not the hart of a she tygers, you will admit me to your preface, most adorable cratur, that I may have the plashure of dyin in you beloved sic. And if you shall be after bein so kind as to relent of your crewelty, and raise your expirin lover, I will lay my fortune and my honors in the same place where I laid myself, and raise you in your turn, to be a Lady O——. For I swear by the great St. Patrick, the guardian of my natif country, and by all the blessed Saints, that I love you better than ever I loved any woman except yourself.

And further vow, by the holy shrine of St. Patrick aforefed, and the shrines of all the Saints and Saintiffes, that I will not outlive the fatal anser you send me. But as you are as far above all your sex in buty, as the glorius sun is above the palfaced moon and the little twinklin stars, I doubt not but you exceed them as much in goodness. Therefore I will not despair, but hope that you will send me word by your confidante, at what hower I shall have the plashure of waitin upon you, to receive from your own pretty mouth my destiny. Till when, I remane, most echantin and angelic cratur.

Your's whether livin or dyin,

ROURKE O——.

P. S. Pray let me kno when I shall call for and anser, as I do not chuse to send any boddy else but myself.

SATURDAY, October 15, 1796.

We learn, with regret, by the Abigail, that Capt. Barney has arrived at Cape Francois in a most wretched situation, having been disabled in a late gale of wind.

By the late arrivals from England we learn that the Empress of Russia had sent an order to London, demanding the immediate return of the Squadron with which she some time since furnished her ally, the King of Great Britain. It is added, that the order gave considerable umbrage to the court, as the ships during the whole stay on the English coast, and in the ports, had done little else than acquire a knowledge of British naval tactics and receive repairs.

EARTHQUAKE.

A Paris paper of August 14, contains an extract of a letter from Bourville, French vice consul at Latakia in Syria, on the Mediterranean coast stating that on the 16th of the month, at half past nine in the morning, an earthquake began which lasted 86 seconds, with various shocks and undulations. Terrible was the effect. More than 3000 persons were buried in the ruins of houses. The house of the vice consul was moved with the first shock, and soon fell; the letter was written in a tent where he, and his fellow countrymen, had taken shelter.

A great part of the Mosques were destroyed. The government ordered all the houses which were injured to be pulled down, to prevent further mischief.

Slighter shocks were frequently felt afterwards along the shore. The village of Gabel was totally destroyed; and many houses in Tortose and Tripoli were tumbled down. Thus far the letter.

Latakia is situated on a point of land, on the coast opposite to Cyprus. It is the ancient Laodicea. It contains about 5000 inhabitants, according to Mr. Volney, and its trade is considerable.

Extract of a letter, dated Paris, the 2d of August, 1796, from Mr. Skinner, in Paris, to his brother in Philadelphia.

"I have only one moment to inform you, that there has this day appeared in the Journal called 'Nouvelles Politiques,' a note from the Directory to Mr. Barthelemy at Basle--which says, that orders will be given to all French cruisers to take any American ship from America to England, and from England to America, or from England to any part of the world, and to bring them for trial; and if the cargo of any part shall be found to be English, it shall be condemned--and in this light will be considered all goods shipped from London--So that you will take care to make insurance against all risks whatever, or any goods shipped for London."

Extract of a letter from Messrs. Burd, Savage and Burd, dated London, August 20, 1796.

"We have heard that Mr. Munroe has protested against the order of the capture of neutral ships, and received a very unsatisfactory answer; and the order, it is understood, will be carried into effect."

Extract of a letter from a merchant in Halifax to his friend in this city.

"An express has just arrived from St. John's, Newfoundland, which says, that five sail of the line and four frigates have arrived at Bull's Bay, next to St. John's, and have destroyed and burnt all that settlement. God knows where they are bound, next--I hope not for us."

A letter, of which the following is a copy, has been received by Elias Vander Horst, Esq. consul of the United States of America, at Bristol (England) from Fulwar Skipwith, Esq. American consul at Paris, dated Aug. 1.

"Since my last, of the 3d instant, I have received a written letter from the vice consul at Marseilles of the 2d of July, advising the master of the Danish vessel who brought over the Americans from Algiers, has written him that the Bay of Tunis has delivered up the American schooner Eliza, mentioned in my last, Mr. Barlow having effected a treaty previous to her capture. I believe, therefore, that our vessels have nothing to dread in the Mediterranean."

PARTICULARS OF THE INSURRECTION

IN AUX-CAYES.

Taken from the log book of a vessel that lay there during the time.

August 27.--In the morning great disturbances took place on shore; some of the inhabitants came on board our vessel and demanded our people's assistance to get up the yards and top-masts of the African republican ship; also, all the people of American vessels in the harbor were obliged to assist during the day and night. Firing was continued on both sides the town.

28th, at midnight a boat boarded us and carried all our people on board the republican ship.

31st. at 1 A. M. some guns were fired at the fort, with beating of drums, it being in possession of negroes and mulattoes. About 7 a sloop was towed out having the white general on board, who were obliged to fly; several shots were fired at her, but she escaped. Immediately after the negroes and mulattoes rushed on the town, and routed the inhabitants, who saved themselves by flying to the American boats and shipping. Were it not for the exertions of the Americans, it is believed every white person would have been murdered; every one of whom carried off some. Several of the inhabitants hid themselves in the stores and escaped in the night; others were protected by the mulatto Gen. Rigaud in his own house; those who fell into their hands were massacred. Among them was a citizen of New-York, he was robbed and shot thro' the thigh; it is supposed he was mistaken for a Frenchman. Two boats pursued and captured the sloop, but the white General had made his escape from her in a row boat. They also took possession of the African, without any resistance.

Sept. 1. Received orders from the commandant to unbend our sails, which we complied with. This day several white people were taken by the negroes, who brought them into the fields and shot them.

[By the latest arrivals.]

LONDON, August 16.

When the French entered the Citadel of Teron, a bloody skirmish took place between them and the Venetian soldiers, which is assigned by some foreign prints, as the cause of a rupture between the two Republics.

It is said that the French entered Ulm on the 28th and 29th, and as quickly as such a large army can travel, it will, no doubt, proceed on its way to Vienna, for there is no force to oppose it.

The French have created Municipalities in the Dutchies of Nassau and Carrara, planted trees of Liberty, and confiscated all the possessions of the Emperor.

August 23.

As several attempts for the escape of Drouet from the prison of the Abbaye, had been made before, of which the Directory were apprized, there is reason to believe that they secretly connived at his evasion. Whether the Jacobins are sufficiently strong to make head against the opposite party, will now soon be seen.

It is stated in a letter from Wilhelmstadt, that two columns of the French army, under General Laborde, have taken possession of the town and lake of Constance, and have formed a junction with a column of the Army of the Alps. It is also stated in the same letter that a division of Kleber's army had entered the city of Ratibon; but no official advice of these events had been received at Paris.

A letter from Frankfort, of the third instant, says, that the French took between Wurtzberg and Bamberg 30 vessels and 50 waggons, loaded with the effects of the emigrants from Cologne, Berne, Frankfort and Mentz.

BRUXELLES, 24th Thermidor, (Aug. 11.)

According to different accounts received here from Gen. Jourdan's army, several desperate and bloody actions have been fought with various success, between the Republican and Austrian troops in the vicinity of Bamberg. The enemy have since received a reinforcement of 20,000 men from the Emperor's Hereditary States; notwithstanding which, there seems to be little doubt that the Imperialists will soon be forced to retreat to the farthest part of Bohemia. General Jourdan, at the head of a reconnoitering party, had nearly been surrounded by a large body of cavalry, and taken prisoner; he was indebted for his escape to a fortunate accident, and to his own presence of mind. When the last accounts came away preparations were making for a general attack of all the positions occupied by the Austrians.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. GARLAND DAVIES, to Miss ELIZABETH BARTON, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. THOMAS RINGWOOD, Printer, to Miss CATHARINE HERBERT, both of this city.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED, A DRAMATIC PIECE, in 3 Acts, called, The

MOUNTAINEERS.

Octavian,	Mr Hodgkinson,
Bulcazin Mulley,	Mr Tyler,
Sadi,	Mr Jefferson,
Roque,	Mr Johnson,
Violet,	Mr Hallam, jun.
Kilmallock,	Mr Crosby,
Ganem,	Mr Miller,
1st Muleteer,	Mr Martin,
2d Muleteer,	Mr Macgrath,
3d Muleteer,	Mr Munto,
4th Muleteer,	Mr Lee,
1st Goathred,	Mr Roberts,
2d Goathred,	Mr Woods,
Other Goathreds,	Messrs. M'Knight, and others.
Periquillo,	Mr Leonard,
And, Lope Tocho,	Mr Hallam.

VOCAL PARTS by

Miss Brett, Miss Harding, Mrs. Munto, &c. &c.
Agnes, Mrs Hodgkinson,
Zoraida, Miss Tyler,
And, Florentine, Mrs Johnson.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A COMIC OPERA, called,

ROSINA.

Or, The Reapers.

Rosina, [from England, her 2d appearance] Mrs Seymour.

BOX 85. PIT 65. GALLERY 45.

The Doors will be opened a Quarter after Five, and the curtain drawn up a Quarter after Six o'clock.

Places in the Boxes, and Tickets, as usual.

A Convenient new Two Story House

To be Sold, or Leased for seven years.

For particulars enquire of DANIEL BALDWIN, on the Premises, No. 219, William-street.
October 15. 83.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at the Book-Store and Printing-Office of
JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3, Peck-Slip.

Burket's Expositions

On the New Testament, handsome quarto edition, printed on fine paper, good type, and elegantly bound, (7 dols.)

The Psalms

Of the Reform'd Protestant Dutch Church of this state handsomely printed and bound. [One Dollar.]

Zimmermann

SOLITUDE.

Translated from the French. [One Dollar]

A. W. LAY.

Watch Maker and Jeweller,

No. 85, Nassau-Street,
N. B. Watch cases of every kind neatly made.
New-York, July 30. 22

Court of Apollo.

THE CARELESS COUPLE.

JENNY is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed—so say no more;
And should the harms you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but heav'n will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children send.
So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard.
I've known her weary every claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen the self-same hen,
That scratch'd for ONE, could scratch for TEN.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my GILT without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
JENNY's resolv'd to marry me!

Hibbert's Brown Stout, & Best London Porter,

Imported in the ship *Triumph*, from London, and for Sale at a small advance on the original cost, by
MICHAEL MOORE, and CO.

PORTER VAULTS,

No. 77, John-street, late Golden-hill, at the house of C. HAVILAND, Merchant Tailor, one of the Company. By the tierce, containing 6, 7, and 8 dozen, and by the single dozen. Also,

Bath and Liverpool Ale, American Porter and Cyder. Merchants, Captains of vessels, whether in town or country, may be supplied at the shortest notice, and all orders shall be carefully attended.

N. B. A generous price given for empty bottles.
October 8. 32 tf

Harfin and Caverly,

HAVE removed to their new Store, No. 27, Albany Pier, west side of Coenties-slip, where they have for sale, a general assortment of

China, Glass and Earthen Ware,

About 2000 yards tow cloth, and a quantity of check Flannel. Also,

One Lot of ground, at the shipyards, near Col. Rutgers, and three lots on the Greenwich road, adjoining lots of Wm. W. Gilbert, Esq. And,

A handsome bay Horse, four years old, he is very pleasant under the saddle, and has been broken to the geers, is sound, and free of faults.

They will likewise receive in store, and sell upon commission, most kinds of country produce.

To Let, the Store and a spacious cellar, No. 85, Pearl-street.

Wanted, Two or Three Men that are acquainted with packing crockery, apply as above.

October 1, 1796. 31--tf.

WILLIAM PALMER,

Painter, Gilder, Varnisher & Japanner,

No. 2, Broad-street,

HAS for sale, a quantity of elegant Japan, Fancy Chairs, which he will sell upon the lowest possible terms.

W. Palmer Varnishes Drawings, Paper Cornices, &c. &c. so as to heighten and preserve the spirit and brightness of the colours from all kind of dirt, and gives the piece an elegant beauty and durability.

Cornices, walls, &c. which are thus varnished, may be washed with equal effect to any Japan ware.

Oil and Burnished Gilding on Glass, neatly executed.

N. B. Orders from town or country in any of the above branches, will be gratefully received and punctually executed.

20 Lots of Land,

In the Township of Union, on the Susquehanna River, for Sale—Enquire at this office. 24 tf

EDUCATION.

THE subscriber informs his friends and the public in general, that he still continues his Seminary at No. 10, Peck-Slip; and that he has now opened

An Evening School,

at the same place; where his pupils will be instructed in all the branches usually taught in the English language, on the most approved plans. WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, Sept. 23, 1796. 21--tf.

Fellows' Circulating Library,

CONTAINING the latest and most approved NOVELS, &c. is kept in Wall-street, No. 60.

Subscribers pay in advance, 40s. a year, 12s. a quarter, 5s. a month. Non-subscribers 1s. for an 8vo. volume six days, 6d. for a 12 mo. 3. days. 31 tf

October 1, 1796.

JOHN VANDER POOL,

Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Cannel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes. Aug. 6 23--tf.

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No. 35, Roosevelt-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers. Nov. 14, 1795. 83---

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of FOSBROOK and SMITH being dissolved by mutual consent, the public are respectfully informed that the subscriber has taken the Store; where, on the most reasonable terms, may be had, as usual, a general assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery,

Mechanic's Tools, Japanned Ware, Swords, do. Blades, Fencing Foils, Single and double barrel Fowling Pieces, Muskets, Hottler and Pocket Pistols, &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS R. SMITH.

For Sale, at a very reduced price,

400 Light Horse & Hanger Blades.

Aug. 13, 1796. 24--tf.

Bills of Exchange.

FOREIGN and inland Bills of Exchange, elegantly engraved and printed, on superfine bank post, may be had either bound or in sheets, or by the single set, by applying to JOHN BURGER, jun. Copper-Plate Printer, at No. 167, William-Street, (the third door from the corner of Beekman-Street) Orders from any part of the United States in the above line will be executed with the strictest precision.

N. B. An Apprentice wanted to the above business.

July 30. 22 tf

A Day and Evening School

Is now open at No. 13, Nassau-Street.

ORTHOGRAPHY, or the art of Spelling, Reading, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography &c. together with various branches of the Mathematics, taught on an approved plan and on reasonable terms. Great attention will be paid to the Education of those who shall be committed to the charge of the Public's very humble servant. NATHANIEL MEAD.

New-York, Sept. 24, 1796. 30 4w.

THOMAS PEDLEY,

PERFUME-MAKER, HAIR DRESSER, & PERFUMER

MOST respectfully returns his thanks to his customers and the public, and informs them, that he carries on his business in the house formerly occupied by Mr. James Rose, No. 219, Water-street, near Crane-Wharf. Where he makes all kinds of Whigs, Sculps, and false Quers for Gentlemen; tates, braids and curls for Ladies, in the neatest manner, and on the shortest notice. Likewise a general assortment of Perfumery just from Europe. 24tf

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL

SCHOOL,

No. 29, Gold-street.

MANY respectable characters in New-York, approving Mr. Milns' resolution of enlarging his plan, have solicited him to extend it still further, and establish a general School for the accommodation of those who were excluded by the limited numbers, and necessary high terms of a select private class.

He feels himself happy in meeting the wishes of those gentlemen, as they accord with an idea that has long been rooted in his mind; and flatter the ambition which he is proud to cherish; that of laying the foundation of an establishment in the city of New-York, such as may not only merit public confidence and support, but vie with the best Seminaries in Great Britain, and concentrate all their separate advantages.

The Greek and Roman Classics contain some of the finest specimens of taste, and the noblest efforts of genius—they are likewise the source to which all the terms of art and science may be traced; their cultivation is therefore of consequence in every liberal establishment; but in a community resting on the basis of Commerce, and that owes not only its greatness and splendor, but even its existence to Commercial intercourse; other branches of education are still more essentially requisite.

A critical knowledge of the peculiarities of our NATIVE language, a just perception of its copiousness, a cultivated taste for the elegancies of composition, and a grateful and energetic elocution, are equally the ornament of the Scholar, the private Gentleman, and the Merchant; and a complete knowledge of Accounts, an accurate idea of the relative situations, customs, and languages of different countries, and above all, an elegant and ready command of the pen are absolutely necessary to every one who aspires eminently to succeed in a Commercial and growing country; these branches should consequently be insisted upon with unremitting assiduity in every Seminary professing a general and useful course of education.

The single exertions of an individual being incompetent to so extensive an undertaking, Mr. Milns has availed himself of Mr. Shepherd's return to the city, and has formed a partnership with him and Mr. Hardie—two gentlemen whose abilities in the several departments they profess, have been long known to the public.

The School will open on Monday next under the joint care of the subscribers, where will be taught systematically, the English, French, Latin and Greek Classics, Elocution, Composition, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Merchants Accounts, Geography, with the use of Globes and Maps, Navigation and every branch of practical and speculative Mathematics; and as it is the intention to prepare the pupil to quit School with such general advantages as may enable him to enter with success, college, the liberal professions, the counting house or the navy, they flatter themselves it is no presumption to denominate this Seminary by way of distinction,

THE NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL, CLASSICAL, AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

Young Ladies taught the English and French Languages, Writing, accounts, &c. &c. &c. in an apartment quite unconnected with the general School.

The School-room, which is very large and commodious is divided by a partition for the accommodation of such grown gentlemen as wish to sit separate.

The Evening School continues as usual.

WILLIAM MILNS,

EDWARD SHEPHERD,

JAMES HARDIE.

Mr. Milns' Text and Running-hand Copies may be had as above; also, Mr. Hardie's Latin Grammar, and his American Remembrancer.

Preparing for the press, and will be published as speedily as possible, the 2d Edition of the *Well Bred Scholar*, or *Practical Essays for the Improvement of Youth in their Literary Pursuits*—Likewise a new System of Arithmetic—both by Wm. Milns, Member of St. Mary's Hall in the University of Oxford, and author of the *Penman's Repository*, &c. &c. Oct. 15 33--tf.

MANTUA-MAKING, MILLINERY, AND CLEAR-

STARCHING—Likewise, Gentlemen's and Ladies'

Linen Made in the Neatest Manner, at No. 39,

Ferry-Street.

Printing, in all its Branches,

Performed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.